War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credit.
Lew. What, is he gratious in the peoples eyes?
War. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.
Lew. What, is his loue to our sister *Bona?*
War. Such it seemes, as may beseeme a monarke like himselfe,
My selfe haue often heard him say and sweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant.
The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground:
The leaues and fruite maintainde with beauties sunne,
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,
Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quite his paine.
Lew. Then sister, let vs heare your firme resolue.
Bona. Your graunt or your deniall, shall be mine,
But ere this day I must confesse, when I
Haue heard your Kinges desertes recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.
Lew. Then draw neare Queene *Margaret*, & be a witnesse,
That *Bona* shall be wife to the English King.
Prince Edvv. To *Edvvard*, but not the English King.
VVar. Henrie now liues in *Scotland* at his eate,
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose:
And as for you, your selfe, our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to maintaine your state:
And better twere to trouble him then *Fraunce.*
Sound for a Post vvithin.
Lew. Here comes some Post *VVarvvicke*, to thee or vs.
Post. My Lord Ambassadour, this Letter is for you,
Sent from your brother Marquis *Montague.*
This from our King vnto your Maiestie.
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistresse
Smiles at her newes, when *Warvvicke* frets at his.
P.Ed. And marke how *Levves* stampes, as he were netled.
Levv. Now *Margaret* & *VVarvvicke*, What are your newes?
Queen. Mine, such as filles my hart full of ioy.
VVar. Mine, full of sorrow and harts discontent.
Levv. What, hath your King married the Lady *Gray*,
And now to excuse himselfe, sendes vs a Post of papers?

How dares he presume to vse vs thus?
Queen. This prooueth *Edwards* loue, & *Warwicks* honesty.
VVar. King *Lewes*, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,
That I am cleare from this misdeede of *Edwards.*
No more my King, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of *Yorke*,
My father came vntimely to his death?
Did I let passe the abuse done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
And thrust king *Henrie* from his natiue home?
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?
My gratious Queene, pardon what is past,
And hencefoorth I am thy true seruitour:
I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henrie* in his former state.
Queen. Yes *VVarwicke* I do quite forget thy former faults,
If now thou wilt become king *Henries* friend:
War. So much his friend; I, his vnfaigned friend,
That if King *Lewes* vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bandes of chosen Souldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre.
Tis not his new made Bride shall succour him.
Lew. Then at the last, I firmely am resolu'd,
You shall haue ayde:
And English *Messenger* returne in post,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Levves* of *Fraunce*, is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him and his new Bride.
Bona. Tell him, in hope heele be a Widower shortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.
Queen. Tell him, my mourning weedes be layde aside,
And I am readie to put Armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Ther's thy reward, begone.